

THE MINERVA.

GET WISDOM, AND WITH ALL THY GETTING, GET UNDERSTANDING.—PROVERB OF SOLOMON.

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POPULAR TALES.

FROM THE FRENCH, GERMAN, ITALIAN,
SPANISH, AND ENGLISH.

Truth severe, by fiction dressed.—GRAY.

MILES COLVINE, THE CUMBERLAND MARINER.

On the English side of the sea of Solway lies a long line of flat and unelevated coast, where the sea fowl find refuge from the gun of the fowler, and which, save the headland and the deep sea, present but one object of attraction, namely, the cottage of Miles Colvine, the Cumberland Mariner. The owner of this rude dwelling, once a seaman, a soldier, a scholar, and a gentleman, was shipwrecked on the coast about thirty years ago, and was the only living soul that escaped from the fatal storm. The vessel was from a foreign land, and something mysterious always hung over her fate, and the destiny of her crew. The conduct of Miles Colvine was less likely to remove than confirm suspicion. He heard all inquiries concerning the ship and crew in perfect tranquillity and silence, and once only he deigned to answer, when a shepherd asked, "Was it the blood of beasts I saw upon the deck?" "No, it was the blood of men!" From this time forward, no farther intercourse was courted by the peasantry, and he was allowed to construct a small hut, fence it round with a wall of loose stone, and occupy it, without molestation. He seemed anxious to shun all intercourse with human beings, and sought and found his subsistence in the sea; for it was the common remark of the Allan Bay fishermen that no man dipped a hook, or wetted a net, between Skinnerness and Saint Bees, with greater skill and success. In this solitude, exposed to every storm that swept the beach from sea or land, amidst much seeming wretchedness and privation, he resided during a summer and autumn; a season of great severity on an unsheltered coast, was expected either to destroy or drive him from his abode, but he braved every storm, and resisted all offers of food or raiment.

The first winter of his abode was one of prodigious storm and infinite hardship. The snow lay long and deep on the ground, and the ice was thick on lake and pool, and the Solway presented one continual scene of commotion and distress. The shore was covered with wrecks of ships, the eddies choked with drowned men, and the sea itself so rough and boisterous that the fishermen suspended their customary labours, and sat with their families at the hearth-fire, listening to the sound of the surge, and relating tales of maritime disaster and shipwreck. But on Miles Colvine the severe and continued storm seemed to have no influence. He ranged the shore, collecting for his fire the wrecks of ships; he committed his nets and hooks to the sea with his usual skill; and having found a drifted boat, which belonged to some unfortunate vessel, he obtained command over the element most congenial to his heart, and wandered about on the bosom of the waters noon and night, more like a troubled spirit than a human being. When the severity of winter had passed

away, and sea-birds laid their eggs on the sand, the mariner remitted his excursions at sea, and commenced a labour which surprised many. He constructed a large and more substantial house, with equal attention to durability and neatness; he fenced off the sea by a barrier of large stones, and scattered around his dwelling a few of the common flowers which love to blossom near the sea breeze. The smoke of his chimney, and the unremitting clank of his hammer finishing the interior accommodations, were seen and heard from afar. When all this was concluded, he launched his boat and took to the sea again, and became known from the Mull of Galloway to the foot of Annan-water.

I remember the first time that ever I saw him was in the market-place of Dumfries: his beard seemed more than a year's growth, his clothes, once rich and fine, were darned and patched, and over the whole he wore a kind of boat-cloak, which, fastened round his neck, descended nigh the ground; but all this penury could not conceal the step and air of better days. He seldom looked in the face of any one; man he seemed to regard with an eye of scorn, and even deadly hatred; but on women he looked with softness and regard, and when he happened to meet a mother and child he gazed on them with something of settled sorrow and affection. He once made a full stop, and gazed on a beautiful girl of four or five years old, who was gathering primroses on the margin of the Nith; the child, alarmed at his uncouth appearance, shrieked and fell in its fright into the deep stream; the mariner made but one spring from the bank into the river, saved the child, replaced it in its mother's bosom, and resumed his journey, apparently unconscious that he had done aught remarkable. Ever after this the children of Dumfries pursued him with the hue and cry, "Eh, come and see the wild bearded man, who saved Mary Lawson!"

When Miles Colvine had fairly finished his new residence, and the flowers and fruits had returned to field and tree, he was observed to launch his boat: this was a common occurrence, but a small lair of sheep skins, a jar of water and some dried fish, called kippered salmon by the Scotch, looked like preparation for a long journey. The journey was begun, for he was seen scudding away southward, by the light of the stars, and no more was heard of him for some time. Day after day his door continued shut, his chimney ceased to smoke; and his nets hung unemployed. About a fortnight after this, I happened to be on a moonlight excursion by water, as far as the ruined castle of Comlongan. I was accompanied by an idle friend or two, and, on our return, we allowed the receding tide to carry us along the Cumberland coast, till we came nearly opposite the cottage of Miles Colvine. As we directed our boat to the shelter of a small bank, I observed a light glimmering in the mariner's house, and landing and approaching closer, I saw plainly the shadow of two persons, one tall and manly, the other slim and sylphlike, passing and repassing on the wall. I soon obtained a fairer view. I saw the mariner himself, his dress once rude and sordid, was replaced by one of the coarsest

materials, but remarkably clean; his beard was removed, and his hair, once matted and wild, now hung orderly about his neck and temples, the natural colour was black, but snow white locks now predominated; his look was hale but sorrowful, and he seemed about forty years of age. The figure of the creature that accompanied him was much too tender and beautiful to last long in a situation so rude and unprotected as the cottage of a fisherman. It was a female, richly dressed, and of a beauty so exquisite, and a look so full of sweetness and grace, that the rude scene around was not wanted to exalt her above all other maidens I had ever seen. She glided about the cottage, arranging the various articles of furniture, and passing two white hands, out-rivalling the fairest creations of the sculptor, over the rude chairs and tables, and every moment giving a glance at the mariner, like one who took delight in pleasing him, and seemed to work for his sake. And he was pleased—I saw him smile, and no one had ever seen him smile before; he passed his hand over the long clustering tresses of the maiden; caused her to sit down beside him, and looked on her face, which out growing the child had not yet grown into woman, with a look of affection, and reverence, and joy.

I was pondering on what I witnessed, and imagining an interview with the unhappy mariner and his beautiful child, for such his companion was, when I observed the latter take out a small musical instrument from a chest, and touching its well-ordered strings with a light and a ready hand, she played several of the simple and plaintive airs so common among the peasantry of the Scottish and English coasts. The minstrel had not proceeded far, when a band of smuggler's from the coast of Ireland and Scotland, uniting the reckless desperation of the former with the craft and tact of the latter, attracted by the secure and naked coast, and perhaps by the lonely house, which presented hope of plunder with little appearance of resistance, landed to the number of seven, and leaping over the exterior wall, seized the door and shook it violently, calling loudly for admittance. I lay down with my two companions behind a small hedge of furze, to see the issue of this visit, for at that time I imagined the mariner maintained some mysterious correspondence with these fierce and lawless men. "Open the door" said one in a strong Irish accent, "or by the powers I'll blow your cabin to peelings of potatoes about your ears, my darlings." "Hout Patrick, or what's your name?" said one of his comrades, in Lowland Scotch, "ye mauna gang that rough way to wark, we maun speak kindly and cannily, man, till we get in our hand, and then we can take it a' our ain way, like Willie Wilson's sow, when she ran aff wile the knife in her neck." The mariner on hearing this dialogue, prepared himself for resistance, like one perfectly well acquainted with such encounters. With a sword in one hand, a cocked pistol in the other, and a brace in his belt, he posted himself behind the door, and in a low voice admonished his daughter to retire to a little chamber constructed for her accommodation. With a voice which, though quivering with emotion, lost nothing of its native sweet-

ness, the young maiden answered, "Oh let me be near you!—let me be near you?" Her low and gentle voice was drowned in the wild exclamations of one of the smugglers. "Och, my dears, let us break the door, and clap a red turf to the roof, and all to give me light to see to kiss this fair maiden with the sweet voice. By the holy poker that stirred the turf-fire beneath the first potato, I have not been within seven acres broad of a woman since we sailed with Miles Colvine's lady. And by the bagpipe she was a bouncer, and a pretty din she made about it after all, and took it into her head to shriek till the shores rang, and pray till the saints grew deaf; ah, my hearties it wouldn't do.—What the devil holds this door?—stand by till I show you how handsomely I'll pitch it against the wall. Ah, I wish you had seen me when I upset the house of Randal Malagen, in Lurgan, and made the bonniest blaze you ever saw in the wide world, at all-at-all." And setting his shoulders to the door, he thrust with all his might, and though seconded by his comrades, who seemed all alike eager for violence, the door resisted his utmost efforts. "Stand back, my darlings," said the miscreant, I'll show you a trick worth two of this; I'll teach you how we bring out a bonnie lass from a bolted chamber, in little Ireland!" so saying, he proceeded to prime a pistol, having previously hammered the flint with a little steel cross curiously chased and ornamented, which he took from his bosom. "Ah," said he, "may the devil cork me up in a stone bottle, and send me to seek out the latitude of the lake of darkness, if I don't carve up that old he-goat into relics!—Now, come on, my early boys—my souls of boys; the boy that won't do as I do deserves to be whipped through purgatory with the tail of St. Patrick's ass. Thack an' thunder! hell's to hinder us when I clap my pistol under the thatch!"

In a moment the door opened; Miles Colvine stood on the threshold, a cocked pistol in his right hand, his sword gleaming in his left, his eyes shooting from them a fierce dark light, but his manner perfectly calm and collected. Behind him came the beautiful form of his daughter, with a bent pistol in her hand, and shuddering from head to foot at the immediate peril which seemed to beset her father. These maritime desperadoes started back at this sudden apparition of an armed man, and even their miscreant leader, forward as he was, recoiled a pace or two. The mariner eyed him for a moment, and said, "Did my sword then do its work slovenly, and did the deep sea not devour thee, thou immeasurable villain? But God has given thee back to earth, to become a warning how sure and how certain just vengeance is." And leaping on him as he spoke, I saw the pistol flash, and the gleam of the descending sword, in almost the same instant. I instantly started up with my companions, and the smugglers, perceiving this sudden reinforcement, carried off their companion, groaning, and cursing, and praying; and pushing their boat from the shore, vanished along the misty bosom of the summer sea. I found Miles Colvine standing on the threshold of the house, and his daughter on her knees beside him. He knew me, for we had often passed

each other on the beach and on the sea, and he was aware that I was a friend, for I had endeavoured in vain to oblige him in his forlorn state with little acts of kindness. "Come hither, sir," said the mariner, "I have to thank you for aid this night. May Colvine, my love, trim thy father's shealing, and set the supper table in array, for it was ordained that our deliverers should rest with us, and break bread at our board; so come in, Francis Foster." And into the mariner's cottage we walked, not unawed by the presence of a being of whose temper and courage we had seen such a proof.

If the exterior of the cottage was rude and unskillfully built, the interior was wonderfully commodious and neat. The floor was laid of drifted ship timber, and the walls were hung with nets as with tapestry, and fish-spears, and gaff-hook's of steel, sharp and bright, were grouped like weapons for battle in a chieftain's hall of old. The fruits of the fisherman's skill were every where visible; the chimney mantle, a beam of wood which extended from side to side of the cottage, was covered with kippered salmon, large, and red, and savoury, and various kegs were filled with salted fish of the many excellent kinds which the Solway affords. A small bed stood near the chimney, swelled with feathers of sea-fowl, and hillocked high with quilts and mantles, from beneath which some linen looked out, only rivalled in whiteness by the snow. A very small chamber was constructed at the farther end, into which May Colvine disappeared for a moment to re-adjust her dress, and, perhaps, add some other of those artificial attractions which women always bring to the aid of their natural charms. The mariner seated himself, motioned me to a seat, over which a sheep skin was thrown, while, a lamp, fed plentifully with oil, and suspended from the roof, diffused light over the apartment. Nor was the place devoted to brute comfort alone: several books, among which I observed Robinson Crusoe, and Homer's Odyssey in Greek, with a curious collection of northern legendary ballads, were scattered about, and a Shepherd's pipe and a fiddle were there, to bring music to assist in the dissipation of melancholy thought.

May Colvine now came forth from her little chamber, with an increase of loveliness, such as a rose appears when refreshed in dew. She had laid aside the snood of silk and pearl which enclosed her hair, and the curling luxuriance of her ringlets descended over her shoulders, while her white temples, and whiter neck, were seen through the waving fleece which fell so profusely over them. Her father gazed on her like one who recalls the lovely past in the beautiful present, and his thoughts had flitted to other days and remoter climes; for after a brief reverie he said, "Come, my love, the vessel is ready, the mariners aboard, the sails spread to the wind, and we must pass the haunted headland before the moon goes down." The maiden meanwhile had filled the supper board with such coarse fare as the cabin afforded. After supper was past, she took up one of the instruments, and singing as she played, with inexpressible sweetness and grace, her father's looks began to brighten, and uttering a deep sigh, he waved his hand, the minstrelsy ceased, and he thus addressed us:—

"I was not always an unhappy man—I had fair domains, a stately house, a beauteous wife, and a sweet daughter: but it is not what we have, but what we enjoy, that blesteth man's heart, and makes him as one of the angels. I dwelt on a wild sea coast, full of woods and caverns, the haunt of a banditti of smugglers, those fierce, and vulgar, and intractable spirits, who find subsistence in fraud and violence, and from a continued perseverance in hostility to human law, become daily more hardened of heart and fierce

of nature. I was young then and romantic, and though I did not approve of the course of these men's lives, there appeared glimpses of generosity, and courage, and fortitude, about them, which shed a halo over a life of immorality and crime. I protected them not, neither did I associate with them; but they soon saw in the passive manner in which I regarded their nocturnal intercourse with the coast, and the ready and the delighted ear which I lent to the narratives of their adventures by sea and land, that they had nothing to fear and much to hope. Their confidence increased, and their numbers augmented, and they soon found a leader capable of giving an aim to all their movements, and who brought something like regular craft and ability to their counsels.

I was reputed rich, and was rich; my treasures were mostly of gold and silver plate, and bars of the former metal, the gain of a relative who had shared with the Bucaniers in the plunder of Panama. I had been wedded for a number of years; my wife was young, and beautiful, and our daughter, an only child, my own May Colvine, here where she sits, was in her thirteenth year, with a frame that seemed much too delicate to survive the disasters she has since been doomed to meet. We were counselled to carry her to warmer climates, and were preparing for our voyage, and my wife was ready to accompany me, when a large smuggling cutter cast anchor in a deep woody bay, which belonged to my estate, and as I sat on the top of my house, looking towards the sea, a person in a naval dress came and accosted me. He was, he said, the Captain of the free trader lying in the bay, with a cargo of choice wine, and his mariners were bold lads and true, had periled themselves freely by land and water, and often experienced the protection of Miles Colvine's bay, and the hospitality of his menials. They had heard of my intention to carry my wife and daughter to a more genial climate, and, if we wished to touch at Lisbon, or to go to any of the islands where Europeans seek for health, they would give us a passage, for they honoured us next to commerce without law or restraint. But I must tell you, that the chief of this band, knowing my love for marvellous tales, hinted that he had men on board, who, to the traditional lore of their maritime ancestors, added their own adventures and deeds; and could with the romantic ballads of Denmark and Sweden, mingle the Troubadour tales of France, the Moorish legends of Spain, and the singular narratives which survive among the peasantry of my native coast. To soothe and propitiate my wife he had recourse to another charm; from the pocket of a long boat-cloak he produced a mantle of a most precious fabric, and spreading it out before her, with all its rich variety of colour, and Eastern profusion of ornament, offered it as an humble present from himself and his mariners. I need not prolong this part of my narrative. We embarked at twilight, and standing out of the bay, dropped anchor till morning dawn. The captain sat armed beside us; this excited no suspicion, for he went commonly armed, and related adventures of a trying and remarkable kind which had befallen him on foreign shores, with a liveliness and a kind of maritime grace, which were perfectly captivating. All night we heard over head the tramp and the din of sailors passing and repassing, and with the grey of the morning we plucked our anchor, spread our sails to a shrill wind, shot away seaward, and my native land vanished from my view. All was life and gladness; we danced and we sung on deck, and drained cups of the purest wine; while the breeze favoured us, and the sky remained unclouded and serene.

In about fifteen days the spice groves

of one of the Portuguese islands appeared before us, and as the sun was setting, it was resolved we should remain at the entrance of a bay till daylight. We were crowded on the deck, looking on the green and beauteous land, and a gentle seaward wind wafted the perfume of the forest about us. My wife was then in the bloom of youth and beauty, full of health, of life, and love; and as she stood leaning on my arm, the sailors smoothed their rough looks, and refrained from curses, so much were they touched with her beauty; but this awe lasted but a little while. The captain was merry far beyond his usual measure of delight, and drained one wine cup after another to my wife's health and mine; he vowed I was as a god among his men, and that my wife was revered as a divinity. "But come," said he, Miles Colvine, I have a cunning thing to show you, which you alone deserve to see; I got it among the Moors, so come, and come alone." I rose and followed him, for my curiosity was unbounded: he conducted me below, and opening a small wicket in the wall of his cabin with a key, ushered me in, and closing it suddenly upon me, locked it, and then I heard him bounding up the stair to the deck. I stood half imagining this to be a jest, or something, at least, of a light nature; but shriek after shriek of my wife, uttered in the piercing agony of anguish and despair, soon undeceived me. I called, I entreated, I used force, and though I was armed by anger and despair, with almost supernatural might, the door withstood all my efforts. But why should I dwell on a scene of such unutterable misery? What I endured, and what the woman I loved and adored suffered, are fit only to be imagined, not surely, to be spoken. Her wrongs were remembered, and her shrieks numbered by a power far more terrible than man, and a certain doom and deplorable death was pronounced against them, at the moment their joy was fullest.

The evening passed away, and morning came, and through a little wicket which looked upon the sea, the light showed me that my chamber was the treasure-room of the pirates, for such they were, as well as smugglers; at the same moment a hole opened above, and a piece of bread and an antique silver cup filled with wine, were lowered down. Amid the misery of my situation it seemed but a light evil that I had recognised the silver vessel to be part of the treasures I had left at home, and in seeking for a weapon to force the wicket I found that my whole riches, in gold as well as silver, had been seized and put on board. I could now measure the extent of my calamity, and prepared myself for a fate, which, among such miscreants, could not be deemed far distant. The morning was not much advanced when the sun dipped at once into a dark and tempestuous ocean of clouds, the wind began to whistle shriller and shriller among our sails, and the sea, upturned by sudden and heavy gusts of wind, showed as far as the eye could reach, the dark and tremendous furrows so fatal to mariners. The wind was from the land, and I could both see and feel that the vessel was unable to gain the harbour, and had sought security from the approaching tempest by standing out to sea. I heard the wind wax louder, and saw the billows roll, with a joy that arises from the hope of revenge: the sky became darker, the sea flashed over the decks, and the tempest hurried the ship onward with a rapidity which alarmed the sailors, accustomed as they were to the element. The seams of the vessel began to admit the sea, and every where symptoms appeared of her immediate destruction.

I heard a conversation over head I shall never forget. "I tell you," said a voice in lowland Scotch, "good can never come of such evil as your captain and you have wrought; had you taken Miles Colvine's

gold and silver alone, the sin had been but small, and a grey headed repentance might have mended all. But the bonnie lady! her voice has been heard to-day, and tremble all you that have touched her sweet body, for here has come an avenging tempest. The sea will soon devour us, and hot hell will hold us; and the mother who bore, and the wife who loved me, and the bonnie babes I have nursed on my knee, will behold me no more; and all for being in company with such hell-hounds as you." A voice replied to all this in a tone too low and suppressed to be audible; and the Scotchman answered again. Lo, look, did ever eyes behold such a sight, all around us the sea is smooth as glass, and other ships pass by us under a gentle breeze, without a wetted sail; but we! the anger of heaven has found us, for on us the thick tempest beats, and the evil one is pursuing us to destruction. O thou eternal villain—Captain, shall I call thee no more—and you!—you fifteen wretches, who shared with him in his crime, make you ready, for that storm will neither leave you, nor forsake you, till you are buried in the ocean." At the very moment when ruin seemed inevitable, the tempest ceased, the clouds passed away, and the descending sun shone brightly down, making the shoreless waters sparkle as far as the eye could reach. No bounds were now set to the joy of the crew; they crowded the deck, made a circle round several vessels of wine and baskets of biscuits, and before the twilight had passed away, a few only were capable of guiding the vessel. The night grew very dark, and as I sat in utter despair, I heard the same friendly voice that I heard so lately, say, "Miles Colvine, put your trust in Him who can still the tempest, the hour is come." In a moment the wicket opened, and the same voice said, "Take this sword, and come with me. If you have courage to avenge the miseries and the death of your beautiful and wretched wife, come, for the hour is at hand, and as sure as I hate sin, and love immortal happiness, I shall help you. I took the sword and followed in silence, and coming on deck I beheld a scene which the hope of sure and immediate revenge rendered inexpressibly sweet. The captain and five sailors, though nearly overcome with wine, were seated on deck; the remainder of the crew had retired below; some shouted, some sang, all blasphemed, and one loud din of cursing and carousal echoed far and wide: the mingled clamour that ascended from this scene of debauchery and wickedness, partook of all the evil qualities of debased minds, and the most infamous pursuits, and cannot be described. Discord had its full share in the conference on deck between the captain and his confederates; they were debating about their shares in the plunder of my house. "Share! by my saul, man," said a Scotch sailor to the captain, "your share in Miles Colvine's pure gold can be but small; one hour of his sweet lady, a hundred leagues from land, was worth all the gold that ever shone."—"I shall share all fairly," said the captain, laying his hand on the hilt of his cutlass, "and first I shall share thy scoundrel carcas among the fishes of the sea, if I hear such a word again. Did I plan the glorious plot of carrying away the fair lady and her lord's treasure, to share either with such a Scotch sawney as thee?"

The wrath of the Scotchman burnt on his brow, far redder than the flush of the wine he had drunk. "Fiend see the saul in his kettles and cauldron, if ye taste na his cauld iron for this!"—And out came his cutlass as he spoke. "That's my hearty Caledonian," said one of his comrades, "give him a touch of the toasting-iron!" didn't he give a blow to the head of my mother's own son, this blessed morning, for only playing pluck at the lady's garment. Ah, give him the cold piece of steel my hearty." A blow from

the captain's cutlass was the answer to this; several drunkards drew their swords, and ill-directed blows, and ineffectual stabs were given and received in the dark. "Now," said my sailor, laying his hand on mine, to stay me till I received his admonition, "say not one word, for words slay not, but glide in among them like a spirit; thrust your blade, for anger strikes, but revenge stabs, and I will secure the gang-way and fight along with you." I heard and obeyed, and gliding among them, thrust one of them through and through; a second and a third dropped, ere they saw who was among them. The captain attempted to draw a pistol, but my sword, and my friend's, entered at back and bosom; and though two yet remained unhurt, I struck my sword a second time through the bosom of my mortal enemy, as he lay beneath me; and the last expiring glance of his eye was a look worth remembering. Ere this was accomplished, the other two were both lying with their companions. I have frequently imagined that a firmness and strength, more than my own, were given me during this desperate encounter. Meanwhile the remainder of the crew below set no bounds to their merriment and shouting, and seemed, as my Scottish friend remarked, ordained to die by my hand, since their clamour, by drowning the groans of their comrades, prevented them from providing for their safety. We fastened the cabin door, and barricaded the gangway, keeping watch with pistol and sword, with the hope of seeing some friendly shore, or a compassionate sail, while the vessel, urged onward by a strong wind, scudded with supernatural swiftness through the midnight waters. We had entered the Solway sea, when the storm augmenting every moment, carried us rapidly along, and when opposite Allan Bay, a whirlwind seizing our ship by the rigging, whirled her fairly round, and down she went head-foremost. Even in this moment of extreme peril, I shall never forget the figure that, couched among the slain, started to its feet before me, in health and unhurt. There is a fate in all things: it was that fiend in human form which I slew to-night. Revenge is sweetest when it comes unlooked for. As we sunk, a passing vessel saved my pretty May Colvine, her murdered mother's image, and her wretched father's love, and saved, too, the heroic sailor; while the drunken wretches went to the bottom, without the chance of swimming for an existence they deserved not to prolong.

Such was the narrative of Miles Colvine. He has been dead for several years; and though his daughter married the man who saved her father and her, he refused to forsake the sight of the Solway and the sound of its waters, and was found at his cottage door cold and stiff, with his eyes open and looking seaward.

THE GLEANER.

So we'll live,
And pray, and sing, and tell old tales, and laugh
At gilded butterflies, and hear poor rogues
Talk of Court News; and we'll talk with them too,
Who loze and who wins; who's in and who's out,
And take upon us the mystery of things,
As if we were God's apes.
SHAKESPEARE

Humorous Anecdote.—Among the Parisian refugees who came to Dieppe, in their way to England, was Monsieur D—, who arrived at the above port, late in the evening; and, finding the packet would not sail until the ensuing morning, he sent his trunk on board, and retired to rest at his inn, with a promise from the Captain, that he should be called previous to the sailing of the vessel. In the hurry, however, poor M. D— was forgotten, and the packet of course got away without him. It was daylight before he awoke; when on inquiry, he found, to his inexpressible mortification, that she had put to sea full three hours

He ran immediately to the beach; but the extreme thick fog which prevailed, utterly prevented his even obtaining a transient glimpse of her sails. Notwithstanding it rained in a most violent degree, a waterman undertook, for an additional reward, to follow the packet. About two leagues distance from Dieppe, the boat came alongside of her, and M. D— immediately got on board, completely wet to the skin, as if he had been ducked. The captain, on seeing him enter the cabin, was thunderstruck with his appearance, and requested to know, in the name of wonder, how he came from land. M. D— insisted that he swam on board, and showed his wet clothes, in proof of his assertion. The captain in vain endeavoured to discover the boat, which was returning, on account of the fog which still continued. After complimenting his passenger on his extraordinary abilities as a wonderful swimmer, he waved taking the sum agreed on for his passage; and in due time they landed at Brighton. The following day, the captain dining with a party of gentlemen, the conversation happened to turn on swimming; and one of the company offered a bet of 200 guineas that he had a servant that would beat any man in England at that exercise. The wager was immediately accepted by the commander of the packet, who went in search of M. D—. He started at the proposal, conscious that he could not take a single stroke: understanding, however, that the wager was play or pay, and that if he succeeded he should have 100 guineas for himself, he consented; and the following morning, at five o'clock, was fixed for the trial of skill. All parties were at the place by the appointed time, except M. D—. After waiting some minutes, they observed him striding towards them in an enormous pair of fisherman's boots, drawn close round his thighs, a large oil skin great coat, strapped about his waist, his hat tied under his chin, with silk handkerchief; and under his right arm he carried a small box. On their desiring him to draw off his boots and undress, he replied, "Veritable, me vill not: I do alvaise take de long journee in de boots and des habits." "The devil you do!" exclaimed his opponent. "Let him alone," said the captain of the packet, "I have been a witness of what he can perform."—"But surely you do not mean to swim with the box too?" "Begar, but me do," was the answer: "vat, you take me for one grand fool to swim all de way from Brighton to Dieppe, without I eat or drink?"—and opening the box, discovered, to the no small amazement of all present, a cold roasted chicken, a pint of wine, and a French roll. On seeing this his opponent positively declined the contest, swearing by G— that he could be no man, but the devil himself in disguise; and if he ventured, would certainly drown him.

Laiting a Wife.—I said to myself, Tommy, said I, it is quite time for me to think of *laiting* a wife. I had for two or three years said a smooth word or two to Ellen Mayfield; but then I thought there were sure to be better lasses somewhere than Ellen. It would be very curious if the best young woman in the world should happen to be born at How House. I knew not amiss by Ellen; but then if I went farther, I might fare better. I therefore resolved to go into Lancashire, and get a right good one.—What Ellen lived in Lancashire to be sure, and she was a Lancashire lass; but then she had seen nothing, and I wanted a wife that knew something.

When I got to Lancaster, I called on my cousin Ned, and told him I was going down into Lancashire to *lait* a wife. Ned was so pleased with my resolution that he laughed right heartily. "Thou'rt quite a dandy," said Ned; "thou'lt win

one any where." To be sure I was no way a *despicable chap*; for I had got a new brown jacket, new red plush waistcoat, new velveteen breeches, blue gray stockings, and there was not a smarter young fellow went from about Grayrigg, though I say it.

"What kind of a wife would you have?" said Ned. "I would have one with a little bit of brass," said I, "for I shall have a decent estate, when my father, Lord rest him, has done with it."

"I was sitting at the Bear and Staff, while I was talking with Ned, and such a beautiful young lady, as I thought her, brought us something to drink. When she was gone, Ned says, 'Well, Tommy, will that suit you, as you seem to admire her?' Said I, 'She would do; but a country lad like me has no chance of getting a Lancaster lady. Nay, Ned, I must be content with one like myself: but if I had been a gentleman I would have that lady.' 'That lady,' said Ned, 'is only the bar-maid. Her father is a weaver in Penny Street; but fine feathers, it seems, make fine birds, Tommy.' I puzzled a long while to think how servant lasses could afford to dress like ladies, but I couldn't make it out.

But I was more surprised with what I saw at Chorley than what I was with this. Bill Stutch, our tailor's son, was living at Chorley, so I called upon him and told him what I was after. 'That's right,' said Bill, 'we'll just take a walk to a public house or two, and try to find one to your mind, Tommy.' 'To a public house to *lait* a sweetheart?' I exclaimed. 'Yes,' said Bill, 'whither else would you go?' We went, and there they were sure enough. Half a dozen of them sitting drinking as comfortably as you could wish.

"I'll tell you what Bill," said I, "I'll just set back to Grayrigg, tell my father what I have seen, and set off and wed Ellen immediately." "You'll never do better," said Bill. I took his advice; and in less than three weeks I wedded Ellen, and I believe I like her better since I knew what kind of women the world contained. She neither spends my money in fine clothes, nor drinks; but seems full as anxious as I do to make ends meet nicely, and get a little matter to spare against a wet day.

Being in the Stocks.—Lord Camden once presided at a trial, in which a charge was brought against a magistrate for false imprisonment, and for setting the plaintiff in the stocks. The counsel for the magistrate, in his reply, said, the charges were trifling, particularly that of setting in the stocks, which every body knew was no punishment at all. The Chief Justice rose, and leaning over the bench, said in a half-whisper—"Brother, were you ever in the stocks?"—"In the stocks, my lord! no, never."—"Then I have," said his lordship, "and I assure you, brother, it is no such trifle as you represent." His lordship's knowledge of the stocks, arose from the following circumstance. When he was on a visit to Lord Dacre, his brother-in-law, at Aveley in Essex, he walked out one day with a gentleman remarkable for his absence of mind. When they had reached a hill, at some distance from the house, his lordship sat down on the parish stocks, which stood by the road-side; and after some time, asked his companion to open them, as he wished to know what the punishment was; this being done, the absent gentleman took a book from his pocket, and sauntered about, until he forgot both the judge and his situation, and returned to Lord Dacre's house.—When the judge was tired of the experiment he had so fashionably made, he found himself unable to open the stocks, and asked a countryman who passed by to assist him. "No, no, old gentleman," replied Hodge, "you was not se 'there for

nothing." Lord Camden protested his innocence, but in vain; the countryman walked on, and left his lordship to meditate for some time longer on his foolish situation, until some of Lord Dacre's servants chancing to pass that way, released him.

Mr. Curran was once asked, what an Irish gentleman, just arrived in England, could mean, by perpetually putting out his tongue. "I suppose," replied the wit, "he's trying to catch the English accent."

Mr. Curran, cross-examining a horse-jockey's servant, asked his master's age. "I never put my hand in his mouth to try," answered the witness. The laugh was against the counsel, until he retorted, "You did perfectly right, friend, for your master is said to be a great bite."

A lady walking with her husband on the beach, inquired of him the difference between exportation and transportation. "Why, my dear," replied he, "if you were on board yonder vessel, you would be exported, and I should be transported."

On Snuff-Taking.—Every professed, inveterate, and incurable snuff-taker, at a moderate computation, takes one pinch in ten minutes. Every pinch, with the agreeable ceremony of blowing and wiping the nose, and other incidental circumstances, consumes a minute and a half. One minute and a half out of every ten, allowing sixteen hours to a snuff-taking day, amounts to two hours and twenty-four minutes out of every natural day, or one day out of every ten. One day out of every ten amounts to 36 days and a half in every year. Hence, if we suppose the practice to be persisted in forty years, two entire years of the snuff-taker's life who will be dedicated to tickling his nose, and two more to blowing it.

Drawing Inferences.—Two clerical gentlemen having called on a reverend brother in Scotland at rather an early hour in the morning, found the minister in bed, so were ushered into the garden to look about them till his reverence could get himself in a condition to receive them. Finding John, the minister's man, busy at work, one of them entered into a familiar conversation with this "lesser prop of the church," and amongst other things inquired, "Weel John, how long ha'e ye been wi' the minister?" "Indeed," quo' John, "I have been twa score years, sir." "Aye, twa score years! then ye'll be able to preach yourself by this time, John?" "Na, na, sir," replied honest John, "I canna preach, but I dinna think but I could draw a few inferences." "Weel, John," continued his interrogator, "what inference would ye draw frae that portion o' Scripture which says, 'the ass snuffeth up the east wind?'" "If I were to draw any," replied the minister's man, shaking his head slowly and significantly, "it would be, that he would snuff lang at it ere he would get fat on it!"

An Irish gentleman of the name of Man, residing near a private mad-house, met one of its poor inhabitants, who had broken from his keeper. The maniac suddenly stopped, and resting upon a large stick, exclaimed, "Who are you, Sir?" The gentleman was rather alarmed, but thinking to divert his attention by a pun, replied, "I am a double man, I am man by name and man by nature." "Are you so," rejoined the other, "why I am a man beside myself, so we two will fight you two." He then knocked poor Mr. Man down, and ran away.

THE TRAVELLER.

*Tis pleasant, through the loop-holes of retreat
To peep at such a world; to see the stir
Of the great Basel, and not feel the crowd

THE ROCKY LABYRINTH OF ADERSBACH,
IN BOHEMIA.

The village of Adersbach, in Bohemia, situated in a valley, at the foot of the Giant Mountains, at the extreme confines of Silesia, is celebrated for the extraordinary groups of rock which rise in its environs, and extend, though with frequent interruptions, as far as *Heuscheuer*. The village borders on a most beautiful mead, watered by a small rivulet, which has its source in the midst of this rocky labyrinth. It is bounded on the south by large masses of rock which stand upright, contiguous to each other, and separated only by crevices of different widths. The greater number of them are one hundred feet high or upwards, and present forms which are singularly diversified. Some of them resemble works of art, as columns, walls, towers; some are bounded at the top by irregular curve lines, though their sides are as perpendicular as if they had been cut by a level. Others are bent in all directions, and their craggy summits, which hang in the air, threaten to descend every moment from their perilous abode. Some of them stand upon an immense base, and diminish as they rise, while others retain the same uniform dimensions from their bases to their summits. The bases of many of them are rounded by the action of the waters. The most remarkable of these rocks is that commonly called the inverted sugar loaf, an appellation which sufficiently designates its singular form; and many isolated pillars which, only a few feet in diameter at the base, elevate themselves amid their compeers, like a range of chimneys.

The moment we enter this labyrinth, we perceive on all sides groups of rock, which surprise us the more, because we are not in a situation to examine their height and extent. They encircle a beautiful mead, which may be considered the vestibule of the labyrinth. An old honest forester generally serves as guide to those, whose curiosity lead them to explore this romantic labyrinth. They follow a path which is covered, in many places, with sand and rubbish formed from fragments of the rock. This path, which is sometimes twenty feet wide, and sometimes not more than two, continues its course through innumerable windings between the perpendicular groups, and those masses which, like walls enclose them on the right and left. A person is frequently obliged to crawl across the intervals, above which the rocks lean one against the other. The imagination of the old conductor has discovered in the most irregular masses resemblances to a palace, a church, a monastery, a pulpit, and an infinity of other objects. By this happy discovery, he hopes to render them more worthy the observation of the curious.

In this labyrinth, a person is obliged to go continually zigzag, one time he walks on the naked sand, and at another on the moss and flowery turf: at one time he passes under low saplings, at another, he pursues the course of little rivulets, whose smooth and limpid waters follow the multiplied sinuosities of their course. These little streams are, in many places, provided with little bridges, or crossed by planks, for the convenience of those who explore this little mysterious world. After journeying about a league and a half, the traveller arrives at a place, extremely cool and agreeable, ornamented with saplings, hung with all sorts of mosses and plants, and closed up, on all sides, by tremendous rocks. The loud murmuring of a rivulet, which pre-

cipitates from a sort of basin, adds an inexpressible charm to the delights of this solitude. Underneath two lofty saplings, near a fountain as cool and transparent as imagination can conceive, stands a table, a bench, and some seats formed out of the rock. This place is frequently rendered the scene of festive happiness; and is frequently greeted by morning visitants who come to breakfast there. The repast is rendered delicious by the agreeable coolness of the place, which invigorates the animal faculties in a surprising manner.

From this resting-place there is an ascent by a narrow opening. The way is difficult, as it leads over heaps of sand, produced by the wrecks continually falling from the rocks, and which are as friable as the ashes near the crater of a volcano, for at every step the traveller loses his feet, and sinks in the uncertain sand. But when he arrives at the top, he is more than recompensed by the sight of a cascade which precipitates from the summit of the rocks. The water falls, in its first descent, from a height of twenty feet, on a rock which impedes its perpendicular course, glides afterwards down a gentle descent, and completes its course by flinging itself into the lower basin. Near this stream the rocks have formed a dark and lofty vault, which presents a most majestic and terrible aspect.

It is a work of many days to traverse all the different paths which cross this labyrinth, but next to the natural beauties which we have already described, is an ancient castle in ruins, situated in the midst of those masses of rock, and which in all probability, served as an asylum for robbers. The guide, before he takes leave of his company, generally fires a pistol near the narrow opening by which it is entered. The sound, which is reverberated and increased by the distant echoes, resembles the rumbling sound of thunder.

The learned are generally agreed as to the origin of the singular forms of these rocks. They imagine that the whole space which they cover was formerly a mountain of sand, and that a violent irruption of water, forcing a passage through the parts which were less compact, carried them away, and left, consequently, deep spaces between the solid masses. Such is the general opinion, but it is still doubtful whether the effect has proceeded from a sudden irruption, and whether it may not be more naturally traced to that slow but unremitting action of nature, which metamorphoses every thing after a certain lapse of time; though its immediate agency excites no attention.

THE DRAMA.

—Whilst the Drama how to Virtue's cause,
To aid her precepts and enforce her laws,
So long the just and generous will befriend,
And triumph on her efforts still attend. BARRON.

FULVIUS VALENS; A TRAGEDY.

The tragedy of *Fulvius Valens*, or the *Martyr of Casarea*, which has just issued from the London press, was written (as the author avows in his preface) for representation; but on being presented to the proprietors of Drury Lane, it was rejected. The present publication is an appeal from the court of proprietors to the tribunal of public opinion; by which we think the author will gain the opinion of his new judges; and though he may not so far succeed as to induce them to believe that *Fulvius Valens* would have been a successful tragedy in representation, yet he will certainly convince them that he is quite capable of producing such a tragedy.

The plot of the play is very simple, and for this reason, we are apprehensive that it does not contain sufficient of incident and of rapidity of action, to suit it to scenic exhibition. The whole design

may be thus briefly conveyed to our readers. *Fulvius Valens*, a christian, and principal citizen of Casarea, has a son *Marcus*, whose affections are engaged to the niece *Aurelia* of the Proconsul *Hermianus* of Casarea. Her hand is promised in marriage to *Caius Afer*, a Roman patrician, by the Governor. The young lady herself (who is, of course, supposed to be very interesting and beautiful,) decides in favour of the young christian. The two candidates for the lady's affections accidentally meet her in the presence of the Proconsul, who orders the Roman patrician to take her. With this requisition *Marcus* and *Aurelia* refuse to comply: a scuffle ensues, in which *Caius Afer* is slain by *Marcus*. The trial of *Marcus* takes place (occupying nearly two acts of the play,) and he is offered his life on the terms of renouncing christianity. He spurns the proposal, and dies a martyr. The play might properly here terminate; but there is a continuation of it, in which the loves of *Constantia*, sister of *Marcus*, and *Aurelius*, brother of *Aurelia* are feelingly narrated. *Fulvius*, the father (whom we suppose to have been intended for the principal character, as more speeches are allotted to him than any of the others,) is betrayed into the hands of the proconsul, who proposes to spare his life on condition of his abandoning the christian faith. He, too, spurns the proposal, and dies by poison. As he is on the verge of death the Roman edict arrives, directing all persecution against the christians to be stopped. *Fulvius* lives to hear the arrival of it, and is consoled in the protection it affords his children and his country. At the moment of death he joyfully exclaims—

Nay, it is well 'e'en now: I do not leave
My children subject to oppression. This
Is indeed a blessing. Heaven itself
Hath lent to grace my fall.

As to the poetry of this tragedy, it is correct, pleasing, and judiciously suited to the respective characters. There are some passages in it, indeed, of superior composition, and which, if intrusted to a good performer, would be powerfully impressive in representation. The scene between *Fulvius* and his daughter is a fine specimen of pathetic poetry. *Constantia* reckons not the death that persecution may inflict on her, and is only fearful of the agony it will give her to see her father massacred before her. To this affectionate concern of his daughter *Fulvius* replies—

Ful. Thou shalt not see them:
No—I will bring my firmness to the task,
And thou shalt perish first—and I will see
The child whose infancy I've fondled, whom
First to hear I was ecstasy, whose childhood
Dawn'd like new spring upon my year of life,
Whose youth exceeded the fond promise of
A father's fondest hopes:—I'll see those beauties,
Of which I've watched the opening from their birth
And loved as none but father could have lov'd.
At one blow crush'd.—I'll look on this, *Constantia*,
Ere add one pang to what thou must endure.

Cons. And could I add to yours?—One way remains:
We will entreat them that we die together!

Ful. We will:—and when we stand upon the brink
Of the unknown futurity, our words
Have o'er all minds a superhuman power.
Yes, we will die together. Thou'rt prepar'd
To pay the audit of thy innocent life
At the dread last account, then cheerfully
And piously, let us devote the rest
Of this frail life.

As *Marcus* is about to be led to martyrdom, the parting speech of his father is beautifully natural and simple:

Ful. Be it
Thy last, best earthly joy, that, while thou'lt lived,
Thou'lt been to me a son, such as kind Heaven
Bestows in unmix'd charity! a son,
In whom I ne'er have known a thought of sorrow
Save this of parting with him: in whose life
I have been most blest, and in whose martyrdom,
Midst all my sorrow, I can glory!

The enthusiasm of a martyr, and his proud confidence and faith in the importance of the sacrifice he makes, are forcibly conveyed in the following lines:—

What glory
Ye shed upon me! I had thought my life

A rayless, feeble, an expiring lamp,
No more to be beheld; but ye will make it
A beacon-fire eternal, the bright signal
Of Christian liberty!

BIOGRAPHY.

The proper study of mankind is man.

MEMOIRS OF ANDERE HOFER.

Andere Hofer, a man who, without any advantages of birth or education, and equally undistinguished by shining talents, has rendered his name immortal in the annals of the Tyrol. He was born in 1767, and his family for a long succession of years, had been proprietors of the inn at Sand, in the valley of *Passeyr*, of which *Andere* was now the host. His mother had not altogether neglected her son: he was able to speak and write German well, and could converse in Italian, in the dialect of his country, with tolerable facility and correctness. Besides his inn, he carried on the business of a wine-merchant, and bred and sold horses: by which last occupation he became known to most of the rich landed proprietors. He had married *Gertrude Ladurner*, a very respectable and notable young woman: and, by dint of economy, had raised himself to comparative wealth. His natural mildness of disposition, and a certain benevolence of character, had endeared him to the inhabitants of his native valley; and an early campaign, in which he commanded a company of tirailleurs, had given them some idea of his courage and stamped him a man of importance. He is described as "being of a noble aspect, having black eyes, without much expression of countenance, as pious without enthusiasm, and as appearing constantly absorbed in thought, walking slowly and majestically." His costume consisted of a round black hat of considerable width in the brim, and ornamented with a fine black feather, which fell luxuriantly towards his left shoulder: a green coat or frock, and red stockings. To this attire must be added a long flowing beard, (the common fashion among the innkeepers) which, when he was on horseback, reached to the saddle, and gave great importance to his figure.

The country of Tyrol having been transferred by Napoleon Bonaparte, by the treaty of Presburg, to Bavaria, in return for Wurzburg, the Bavarian government agreed that the Tyrolese should be governed in the same manner, and possess the same privileges as when under the dominion of Austria, whose protection they had enjoyed 500 years. No sooner, however, were the Bavarians masters of the country, than a total change was effected in its internal and foreign relations, which so exasperated the inhabitants that they secretly determined to deliver it, as soon as possible, from the yoke. A favourable opportunity presented itself in January 1809, when France and Austria were preparing for war. Several Tyrolese deputies repaired secretly to Vienna, to assure the court of the constant attachment of their country to the house of its ancient sovereigns, adding, that the Tyrol was ready to make all the sacrifices her love for Austria and her former liberty required, provided the people could be furnished with ammunition and arms. On this the cabinet of Vienna sent emissaries to the Tyrol, to sound the disposition of the peasantry, which they found entirely as had been represented; and in concert with the deputies before-mentioned, a plan was proposed for arming the little country. Among these deputies was *Andere Hofer*, who, on his return from Vienna, sent for his friends, *Speckbacher* and *Teimer*, to meet him at Halle. From this place, the secret of the insurrection was carefully conveyed over the whole Tyrol. The Bavarian authorities, in their ordinary state of security, suspected

nothing; and the Austrian troops, amounting to 10,500 men, actually entered the country in the night of the 8th April 1809, without even their approach having been intimated. On the morning after their entry, Hofer and Teimer issued their proclamations, and they were speedily joined by the peasantry. The Bavarians, hardly able to comprehend the nature of so sudden a revolution, began destroying the bridges and highways, with a view to obstruct the further progress of the Austrians; but, to their astonishment they could obtain no assistance but from their own soldiers, and on attempting to retreat from the Tyrol, a great number of them fell into the hands of the country people. The French, however, who were on the confines of Bavaria, speedily re-inforced them, and engaged the Tyrolese at St. Laurent, where they were opposing the breaking up of the bridge over the Rienz. The inhabitants of Rodeneck and the surrounding villages, headed by Kemenater, the innkeeper of Schabs, attacked the party at the bridge, and drove them towards Sterzing, on whose heights were posted Hofer, and his brave friends of the Passeyr. Hofer joined in the attack, and the united forces were entirely put to the rout, leaving behind many prisoners. Subsequent skirmishes terminated with equal success; and the capitulation of Wiltau, which obtained Martin Teimer the title of Baron De Wiltau, effected on the 13th April the deliverance of the greater portion of the country: by the end of the month it was wholly emancipated. Thus, without the aid of regular troops, without even that of the towns-people, the peasantry of the Tyrol restored their little territory to the protection of its ancient guardians. In the ranks of these modern Lacedæmonians were seen old men, and absolutely women and children, affording assistance to their more able sons and brothers. The women were armed with pitchforks, and were employed in tearing off immense fragments of rock, and in rolling them down, together with enormous stones, from the elevated crags of the mountains, to crush their enemies passing along the valleys. They were for the most part boys, who, armed with large sticks, dismounted a corps of cavalry on the plains of Halle: one of them was so young and so little that unable to get on the horse of the soldier he had knocked from his seat, he was observed to ask the fellow's assistance: 'Give me your arm,' said the urchin, 'that I may get upon the horse,' which the man complied with, there being a sturdy young peasant close to the spot.

The united French and Bavarians twice more entered the little state, and were twice more repulsed. The third deliverance was celebrated by a solemn *Te Deum* at Innsbruck, which place Hofer entered in triumph on the 15th August, being the anniversary of his powerful enemy's birth. Hofer, emphatically styled the *Sandwirth* (or innkeepers of Sand), was now unanimously declared Commander-in-Chief of the Tyrol, and all authority, civil and military, was vested in his person. Soon after his public entry, the Emperor sent him a magnificent gold chain, to which was appended the grand medal of Merit, and with this he was, with much ceremony, presented on the 4th October.

From this period to the middle of the month, the affairs of the Tyrolese assumed a different aspect: a division took place in the councils of the chiefs; and Hofer unfortunately quitted his party, to place his whole confidence in Donay de Schländers, a man of bad character, and a refined hypocrite; a wretch who eventually betrayed his master into the hands of his enemies. On the 29th, the most important posts having fallen into the hands of the French, and peace having been concluded between them and Austria, an

amnesty was promised to such of the Tyrolese as would lay down their arms without delay: Hofer, notwithstanding, called on his countrymen to reject the offer, and, in several spirited proclamations, entreated them to make one grand effort to drive out the invaders. It was now, however, too late: the public spirit was wearied and sunk by the former efforts, and the Sandwirth found himself alone in the field. Deserted by the peasantry, he was obliged to fly, in order to preserve his life. The French general, Baraguay d'Hilliers, wished to save him; and with this intent, sent Father Gardien, a capuchin, to his place of concealment at Passeyr, to invite him and his friend Holzknecht to put themselves under his protection. The latter consented; but the Sandwirth, less confident than his friend, demanded a delay of three days before he decided. During that period, he disappeared. His sudden departure gave birth to various rumours; and since the actual place of his retreat was not in any way suspected—for it was a little cottage, only four leagues distant from Sand—Vienna was generally considered as the point to which all eyes should be directed. Some of his faithful adherents carried him food, and an express from the Emperor even reached him, in his concealment, to entreat his instant removal to Vienna, where he should be wholly protected; but Hofer declined the offer. Donay now played the part of the betrayer, and, for a large sum of money, discovered the place of his retreat to the French. A company of 1500 men, with 70 chasseurs, and 30 gendarmes were appointed to arrest the now defenceless Sandwirth: on the 20th January, 1810, at five in the morning, the force came within musket shot of the cottage. It was very dark, and the air so still, that the head of the troop halted his men, and proceeded alone through the copse which hid the little building, lest the object of their search should get warning of their approach. He called Hofer by his name: the Sandwirth directly came forth, and allowed himself to be bound: his family also were taken. In a few days he was sent off to Mantua, and his family back to Passeyr.

The council of war was divided in its sentiments; but a telegraphic despatch arriving from Milan, put an end to all debate, for it ordered the conviction of Hofer, and his execution within 24 hours. The Sandwirth heard his sentence with calmness and resignation, and only remarked that he had hoped the peculiarity of his situation would have justified his conduct after the amnesty. The 20th February was the day fixed on for the mournful scene. At eleven in the morning, Hofer was brought forth, escorted by soldiers, and conducted in procession to the place appointed for his execution. Those of the Tyrolese who were in the houses fell on their knees, as the Sandwirth passed, offering up a prayer for his manes; while as many as could get into the streets, attended him to the fatal spot, imploring, all the way, his benediction. The martyr to the cause of the Tyrol, freely dispensed it to them, at the same time asking their forgiveness for all the sorrows and misfortunes he had entailed on them. The escort drew up on a bastion near the Porta Ceresa, and formed a square battalion. Twelve grenadiers and a corporal were then ordered to advance, and the Sandwirth to be placed in the centre. He accordingly came forward, but would not suffer his eyes to be bandaged; and when desired to fall on his knees, refused, saying emphatically, "I am upright, speaking as a mortal, before Him who created me; and upright I wish to surrender to Him my spirit." To the corporal he gave a piece of 20 Kreutzers, coined during his administration, and then exclaimed in a loud voice, 'Fire!' The first six grenadiers fired accordingly, and striking him on the legs principally, brought him on his knees: the other six

stretched him on the ground; but he died not, until the corporal's musket had been discharged. The grenadiers then bore away the corpse, and it was interred with great solemnity.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

Science has sought, on weary wing,
By sea and shore, each mute and living thing.

Effects of physical phenomena on the vegetable and animal productions of the globe.

The air, the earth, and the waters, teem them with animated beings; and the number of zoophytes, insects, birds, reptiles, fishes, and quadrupeds, is such as almost to overwhelm the imagination. In taking a general survey, however, we not only find a parallel, but a contrast, between the animal and vegetable kingdoms. In the latter, the grandeur and magnificence of nature are confined to the equatorial regions; but although this is generally true with respect to the former kingdoms, yet some of its most majestic forms roll their vast bulks among the floating ice of the frigid zones. Some of the orders of the Linnean class, *Vermes*, are undoubtedly diffused over a great part of the globe; while the zoophytes and others of the same class are chiefly confined to the warm regions, where both the air and the water are heated by the direct rays of a vertical sun. But this class is not sufficiently known to admit of any very precise geographical distribution. The Marine insects, *madrepores*, *millipores*, and others of a similar nature, though apparently insignificant in themselves, are productive of the most astonishing effects in the formation of rocks, and even islands, of coral. The immense island of New Holland is, in a great measure, encompassed by coral reefs, and from thence to the Friendly islands, in the Pacific ocean, may literally be called a sea of coral, against the submarine islands of which the navigator is frequently in danger of striking. Though chiefly confined to the torrid region of the Pacific and Indian oceans, the Mediterranean is not wholly destitute of these insects, and good coral is found near its southern shores.

This first class seems to belong, or at least their habits attach them closely, to the mineral kingdom; while that of insects manifests an equal affinity with the vegetable world. It is, therefore, in equinoctial regions, where vegetation is the most luxuriant, that insects attain the greatest power and brilliancy. The forests of South America are peopled with millions of shining flies, and present to the nocturnal traveller the appearance of an immense fire. Amidst this exuberance of life, which characterizes the burning zone, the insect tribes are formed on a scale of which the inhabitants of higher latitudes cannot form any adequate conception. Locusts, and even flies, sometimes assemble in such immense multitudes, and move in such close phalanx, that they lay waste the regions over which they pass, and drive the inhabitants before them, with all the fury of a desolating tempest. In these climates, wherever forests and moisture abound, these insects swarm in countless myriads, and reign the tyrants of the waste.

It is also among the swamps of the torrid regions that the reptile species attain their utmost magnitude. The Boa Constrictor is so enormous as to be compared to the mast of a ship, and so powerful that the largest quadrupeds expire in his embrace. But this and many others of the largest species are destitute of that fatal poison with which the rattlesnake and some of the smaller kinds are armed. These terrific reptiles gradually diminish, both in magnitude and number, as we proceed into the higher latitudes, till they

entirely disappear in the regions that encompass the poles. The lizard tribe also assumes its most gigantic forms amidst the putrid waters of the torrid zone; and all the large rivers of Asia, Africa, and America, abound with the crocodile, the alligator, the gavia, and the caiman, whose open jaws are living chasms, in which man is frequently entombed.

The seas are likewise characterized by their peculiar species of Fish; and many kinds are found in warm climates which are never met with in other regions. These are supposed to be confined to narrow and more local limits than most other branches of the animated creation. That peculiar species of fish in which nature has united the powers of either darting through the deep, or ascending in the air, is indigenous to the tropical seas, as well as many others of the largest size and most brilliant and varied colours. The ferocity of the shark is, perhaps, unequalled in any other region, and even rivals that of the wild beasts of the forest. But, it is not here alone that nature has displayed the magnitude of her works, in the finny tribes; for the monarch of the ocean rolls his vast bulk amidst the icebergs of the Polar seas.

While some species of fish appear to be confined to particular places, and perhaps spend the whole of their existence near the spot which first gave them being, others are of a migratory kind, and periodically traverse the ocean to immense distances from their original abodes. The herring is a striking example of this migratory class. These are thought to issue in shoals from the depths of the Arctic seas, and to follow the most elevated submarine banks till they reach our latitudes. But the most remarkable circumstance is, that these voyages should be annually undertaken, and so nearly at the same time.

In ascending from the waters to the air—from fish to Birds—we observe that Nature has bestowed on this portion of her works a power of motion resembling that of the insect tribes; but dignified with more implicit freedom and energy. From their peculiar construction, birds seem to have the whole atmosphere assigned them as their legitimate domain; but the food which Nature has adapted for their use, and the plumage with which they are adorned, strongly indicate the regions for which they were formed, and shew that physical circumstances control the tenants of the air, as well as those of the earth and sea. Local necessities or attachments extend even to those which seem to be endowed with the power of ranging through illimitable space. The Condor, the king of the Vultures, which inhabits the cloud-capped peaks of the Cordilleras of Peru, hovers above the summits of Chimborazo itself, and darts his piercing eye from an immense distance upon the sea of vapours that float beneath; but he seldom leaves his native abode, and never visits the lower tracts of the same continent. The great eagle haunts the higher Alps, which he scarcely ever quits; but the Osprey, or sea eagle, is more generally spread over the globe. Numerous species of the parrot kind are confined to the East Indies and the Archipelago on the south-east of Asia; while the celebrated birds of Paradise inhabit a still narrower region, being found in New Guinea alone, and the neighbouring islands.

The feathered tribes of the torrid zone are in general adorned with a variety and brilliancy of plumage unknown in more temperate climes, and sometimes utter sounds resembling the human voice, but they are incapable of pouring forth those melodious and enchanting strains, which so frequently vibrate on the ear, and delight the inhabitant of the temperate regions. This zone, with respect to birds, may be considered as

stretching from the 30th to the 60th degree of latitude.—The most remarkable circumstance attendant on the feathered race is, the migration of several species at particular seasons of the year. The swallow, the stork, and the crane, at the approach of winter, abandon the northern countries of Europe, where they have spent the summer, and repair to Italy, Spain, and Africa. The wonderful instinct with which these migrations are conducted is manifested by the circumstance, that the same birds frequently return in the spring to the very nest they had built the preceding year. The frigid zones likewise contain their particular species; and there is scarcely a large maritime division of which the same may not be affirmed, not only as to the inhabitants of the deep and feathered race, but the quadruped tribes of the globe.

CURIOSITIES FOR THE INGENIOUS. No. V.

Motion of the Earth Illustrated.—Let us imagine a prodigious large room, of a round form, all hung with pictures of men and women, birds, beasts, and fishes; the floor covered with water deep enough to carry a boat, with a person sitting still in it, and that there is a great taper burning in the midst of the room, the flame being of equal height with the person's head from the water. If a diver under the boat, unknown and unperceived by this person, should turn it gently and equally round and round, as an axis, giving it, at the same time, a slow progressive motion round the taper the same way, but so as to turn it three hundred and sixty-five times round its axis, while it went once round the taper; to the person in the boat, the whole room and taper would seem to go round the contrary way; every time the boat turned round, the flame would appear to change its place gradually among the pictures, so as to make a tour round the room among them in every revolution of the boat round the taper; and in that time the observer would be turned so much sooner towards any particular picture, than to the taper in each turning of the boat, that the whole room and pictures would seem to go once more round him than the taper did. The application is obvious, if we imagine the pictured room to represent the visible heaven set all round with stars, ranged in different constellations—the taper the sun, and the boat the earth.

Methods of ascertaining Currents at Sea.—The currents at sea are not sensible but at a small distance from the surface of the water. This fact, which is well known to navigators, supplies them with the means of determining whether their vessel be in a current. They hoist out a boat, which proceeds to some distance from the vessel, and then let down a weight attached to a rope to the depth of 200 fathoms. This weight being thus at a great depth in calm water, observation and experience having shown that currents are not sensible beyond the depth of ten fathoms, it produces the effect of an anchor which retains the boat; they then throw into the water a very thin board, that the wind may have no hold of it, and according to the motion of this board, if it has any, they discover whether there be a current, and determine its direction and velocity. It results from these facts, that the libration of the sea, occasioned by the moon, which produces the tides, is owing to its extent, and in no manner to its depth.

Hatching Chickens.—The following singular, though effectual mode of hatching chickens, prevails in the interior of Sumatra; it is vouched for by Major Clayton, of the Bencoolen council. The hens, whether from being frightened off the nests by the rats, which are very numerous and destructive, or from some

other cause hitherto prevalent in Sumatra, do not hatch their chickens in the ordinary way, as is seen in almost all other climates. The natives have, for this purpose, in each village, several square rooms, the walls of which are made of a kind of brick, dried in the sun. In the middle of these rooms they make a large fire, round which they place their eggs at regular distances, that they may all enjoy an equal degree of heat. In this manner they let them lie for fourteen days, now and then turning them, that the warmth may be better administered to all parts alike, and on the fifteenth day the chickens make their appearance, and prove, in every respect, as strong and perfect as those hatched according to the rules of nature.

The nearest Star.—Astronomers assert, that Sirius, or the Dog Star, is the nearest to us of all the fixed ones; and they compute its distance from our earth at 2,200,000,000,000 of miles. They maintain that a sound would not reach our earth from Sirius in 50,000 years; and that a cannon ball, flying with its usual velocity, of 480 miles an hour, would consume 523,211 years in its passage thence to our globe.

LITERATURE.

If criticisms are wrong, they fall to the ground of themselves; if they are just, whatever can be said against them, does not defeat them. The critics never yet hurt a good work.
MARQUIS D'ARGENS.

A Winter in Washington, or Memoirs of the Seymour Family. Bliss & White, New-York. 2 vols. 12mo.

In all novels the great question to be answered is, what is their tendency? Do they serve to encourage propriety of feeling, to invigorate virtue of conduct, and to inculcate purity of life? If so, let them receive the plaudits of all those who take an interest in the great family of mankind, and let their authors be called benefactors to human nature. Do they tend to awaken thoughts that ought to slumber, to corrupt the moral principle, and to ingraft poisonous sprouts on the fair tree of life? then lay the axe to their root, and let men cry shame upon their authors. The novelist ought to have a higher aim than merely to please; he ought also to improve: he ought to make the imagination subservient and auxiliary to the principle of rectitude, and to cultivate the heart while he adorns the taste. This is the highest praise that can be lavished on any author, "Omne tulit punctum qui miscuit utile dulci." So said the ancient Roman, and from his time till now, the voice of the wise every land has repeated the sentiment.

Unhappily the great mass of novels cannot claim this praise; unhappily fancy has too frequently travelled from the path of purity, and genius has sadly profaned its high and magnificent powers. It is indeed a profanation which can hardly hope for forgiveness; a suicide of soul in itself, and a destroyer of soul in others; for the influence of superior talent on the tone of society is all powerful. Wealth may dazzle the eye, and folly may gratify the ear, but neither can corrupt the heart, if this influence be opposed by intellect. Wealth addresses itself but to the senses, while genius is the mighty magician that controls with his wand the mind and the feelings, and directs them as he pleases without their being conscious of their vassalage. How much then can it perform; and how benign are its exertions when it is the ally of virtue; it then becomes the noblest instrument of the Almighty to elevate the soul of man and to fit it for the most exalted destiny. But when it co-operates with vice, it becomes the agent of destruction, it pollutes the fountain of existence, renders man a degradation upon earth, and shuts against him forever the golden gates of heaven.

But we must put an end to this moral-

izing; and perhaps, we ought to beg pardon for having indulged in it; but these reflections arose in our mind after perusing the subject of this review, and therefore we may be allowed to express them. The "Winter in Washington" is from the pen of an accomplished lady of that city, whose name we have the pleasure to know, but do not feel at liberty to publish. A few months ago we performed the pleasing duty of enrolling the intelligent Mrs. Morton, of Massachusetts, on the list of the few (we are sorry to use this word) who have raised the intellectual character of American women. We have now another female to add, in that of the authoress of this novel, and we do it with cheerfulness and with pride. To those who may ask "what is the tendency of the work?" we reply, it is most unexceptionable and most excellent. It is one of those productions which contains the great moral lesson on which the mind can ponder and be wise. It teaches us that the direct path of virtue not only leads to happiness hereafter, but also ameliorates our earthly sufferings and sorrows. It teaches that ungovernable passions, like ungovernable fires, scorch and consume, and that it is only under the guidance of principle, that they give light, and warmth, and enjoyment. It portrays the hollowness of those pleasures which the vain, the giddy, and the frivolous, seem to relish so dearly; and it conveys the eternal truth that happiness depends far more on the mind than on external circumstances. It shows us how the sunshine of the soul can irradiate the darkness of sorrow, and warm the winter of misfortune. Thus much we can say of the moral tendency of the "Winter in Washington."

The authoress is evidently one who has seen much of fashionable life. They who have mingled in the higher classes of society, will easily and readily perceive the faithfulness with which she has painted it. By *fashionable life*, we do not mean that circle in which the upstart, vulgar, the low-born and low-bred, the ignorant, and the unmannerly, who have chanced to grow rich, are permitted to enter with their superiors, and revolve in the same orbit around the great centre of society. Far otherwise; we mean that sphere for which polished manners and honourable character are necessary qualifications, and from which vulgarity, littleness, and impertinence are carefully excluded: a sphere, however, that has its follies, its temptations, and its vices; its intoxications which may deaden the moral feeling, and its cup of pleasure, where, like the pearl of the Egyptian queen,

"The pearl of the soul may be melted away."

In the character of *Mrs. Mortimer*, the authoress has given a striking instance of this truth. Intelligent, witty, agreeable, and attractive; these very qualities become her worst enemies; they draw around her a throng of flatterers; the voice of adulation excites her vanity; the gaze of admiration gratifies her pride; and the result is, that her heart, like a garden which once contained the germ of many a beautiful plant, is rendered vile and worthless by the want of proper cultivation. The character is drawn to the life. We pity while we cannot but condemn the mistaken and deluded victim of overweening vanity; and we feel when we read, and regret when we feel, that there are many, too many, who may discover in Mrs. Mortimer the mirror of themselves. There is a warning in her destiny, and she may serve as a beacon on the ocean of life, to guide others from the rocks and the quicksands, where, if they follow her course, like her they will be wrecked.

In relief to Mrs. Mortimer, we have Mrs. Seymour, a fine and interesting character; a woman who blends polish of manner with moral worth, and who equally fulfils her duties to society and to her-

self. She is an exquisite model of what woman should be: amiable, cheerful, unassuming, bland, and good-hearted.

In the character of Louisa Seymour, which develops itself gradually and naturally, admiration mingles with respect. She is made to pass through the most painful ordeal of the heart, that of sacrificing her young affections on the altar of duty; and no sacrifice can be more severe than that of young, fervent, and ingenuous love. For there the past, the present, and the future joys of life, seem to be wasted irredeemably, and memory and anticipation are at strife which can most effectually agonize the breast. But disappointed and divided love is not that incurable malady which the youthful and the romantic deem. New scenes efface its memory, new faces weaken the impression it leaves, and time, the healer, lays on its wounds his gentle hand. This is admirably inculcated in the history of Louisa Seymour.

"*Wilnot*" is a lesson to headstrong and passionate youth. By allowing his passions to overcome his reason, he involves himself, and those with whom he comes in contact, in anxiety, trouble, and suffering. He interests us, for his faults are those of an elevated mind, and even when he errs we can apply to him the beautiful image of Moore,

"Sunshine broken in the rill
Though turned aside, is sunshine still."

And when we see him at last triumph over his passions, renew his broken vow, and return to the path of virtue from which he had swerved, we part from him with kind and gratified feelings.

One leading personage in this volume, it would be unpardonable to pass over in our notice; we allude to the *Illustrious Sage of Monticello*; that venerable father of our land who still survives, though he has long ago passed that period of life when the almond-tree begins to flourish. *JEFFERSON* is a name that will not be forgotten when all things else shall be forgotten; his monument is, "ere perennius;" an intellectual pile that will remain as long as there is intellect on earth. The authoress has depicted the true character of this great man in glowing and affecting colours; and blends our admiration for his splendid mind with love for his benevolent heart. Whatever political asperity heretofore urged against him, has long since been forgotten, and one universal and undivided sentiment of respect for this patriotic man, pervades the whole American nation.

There is a host of other characters, and many drawn from real persons in these volumes. To speak of them as fully as they merit would much exceed the limits of this review; and we prefer passing them by, to doing them injustice. But we recommend our readers to the work itself, and promise them a rich intellectual banquet in its perusal. They will find a great deal of stirring incident, and much elegant writing; and will readily agree in our opinion that the authoress is possessed of fine talent, polished taste, and an accurate knowledge of mankind.

There are faults in the work, but we do not choose to cavil at them, or to point them out. On one subject, however, we must differ from the authoress, although to differ with a lady is very ungallant: she allows too much merit to Mr. Barlow's poetry. Barlow was a very good man, and a very good ambassador; but he never was, and never could be a poet. We would much rather endure all the sufferings he has described than be obliged to travel once more on so barren a path as his "Columbiad." It would be a very easy matter to transmute his poetry to prose by "altering the last word of every alternate line." One line of Halleck or Percival, is worth all the thousands that Barlow ever wrote. With this protest we take leave of the authoress, with real and sincere respect.

J. G. B.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE PILGRIM. No. XII.

A late number of the New-York Statesman* contains an obituary notice of Mr. James R. Cole, the author of many poetic effusions under the signature of "Adrian," which are well known to the reading community in this city. He is there represented as a man of amiable character, and his verses are conclusive testimony of respectable talents.

When we thus see individuals of worth, hurried at an immature age from the theatre of life, we cannot but feel the instability of human existence, and the vanity of human attainments with a painful force; and we are disposed to reproach the blindness and injustice of fate, in selecting for the gloomy tenement of the grave, objects so peculiarly deserving of prolonged existence. But our reproaches, if uttered, would be unavailing and idle, and we must brood in silence over the sorrowful truth, that the children of genius are almost uniformly the victims of calamity, disease, and early death. Their supremacy over other men in all that adorns the human mind, and improves the human heart, is generally purchased at an extravagant price; and it may almost be doubted by a person of correct and unbiassed judgment, whether the ordinary man do not possess the better part. He is unacquainted, it is true, with those exalted and divine feelings that often fill the heart of the man of sentiment, but he is also fortified from those wretched and agonizing thoughts—he is screened by his dulness from that midnight of the soul, which the latter is too frequently and too bitterly acquainted with. The inequality of worldly advantages also, usually operates to the disparagement of him whose feelings are thus sensitive and refined. But forsaking the inquiry concerning their relative weal as difficult or of no account, the bereavement of an individual like the one before mentioned, is adapted to awaken feelings of sadness and regret. Not that death is always to be dreaded; "death is one of the slightest of human evils." It is often a kind and relieving friend! It can shelter the houseless from the winds of heaven; it can shield the wretch from the approaches of hunger; it enables worn-out man "to bid defiance to the frowns of fate!" Where can the broken heart more securely rest than in the bosom of the grave? Yet death sometimes is bitter, and it is so when it thus early blasts a full-blown flower. It is bitter when it strikes down a young and happy man! The turf that covers the ashes of the man of genius is holy; and if he have been laid low at that period of life when the bosom is filled with hope and expectation; when the world, if it have any attractions, has shewn the brightest to the eye, when the faculties while they are young, are fully matured, when in a word, the cup of felicity has been but pressed to the lips, his fate presents a forcible claim to the compassion of survivors. The most appropriate inscription for his tomb, would be that designed by D'Alembert for the relics of Fenelon:

"UNDER THIS STONE RESTS FENELON!!
Passenger, blot not out this epitaph with your tears, that others may read it, and weep as you weep."

The poet before mentioned has been thus prematurely destroyed, and if he have been justly described, he possessed all those qualities which should ensure a place in the memory of those he has left behind. He was young; twenty-four years only had rolled over his head. He looked forward, as was natural, to years of future felicity, and anticipated in the distance, an accumulation of fame, of domestic endearments, and permanent tranquillity. The flattery of hope is calculated to decorate and enrich the pleasures to

come, which we behold only with "the mind's eye," in a more particular manner when aided by the fancy of the poet. He dresses in smiles the years yet in store. He embellishes with the hue of his own imagination, the pleasures that await his approach. The ardour of love, the more sober satisfaction of conjugal life, the warmth of parental affection, are not to him as they are to the multitude, but so many incidents in a uniform and monotonous existence; they are eventful portions of his history, and affect in a powerful manner his temporal enjoyment. They are relished by him with a keen sense of pleasure, and call forth and engage all the powers of his soul. In viewing therefore in advance, the occurrences of his future life, the poet rests upon these different stages as so many cardinal blessings.

Such, no doubt, were the dreams of the poet "Adrian"—their consummation is the darkness of the tomb! The grave is his bride—his heirs are the worms. His visions of happiness have terminated at an early hour in the coffin and the shroud! But it is useless to dwell upon his destiny. We must regret him; we must regret the loss which society has sustained in his sudden departure. Let us hope he is as happy as he deserves to be!

MISCELLANEOUS.

A week's Journal of an English Gentleman, in the Year 1823.

Wednesday. Reached my new residence at Wiston, in Pembrokeshire, from London, at 2 p. m., having come 238 miles in little more than four hours, though I had hoped to have done it in four; but the balloon was continually disturbed in its first forty miles from the metropolis, and consequently driven from its course, by the scientific experiments making in many parts, for keeping off thunderstorms. This is effected by firing immense cannon, loaded with peculiar combustibles. After passing the respective parties engaged in this business, for the purpose of keeping London clear for a grand pageant to take place to-morrow, the balloon pursued its course quietly in an horizontal direction.

Thursday. Breakfasted on coffee from my Suffolk estate: my tenant, Robins, sent me some Devonshire tea—the latter quite as good as that I remember to have once or twice tasted when a boy, by the especial favour of my grandmother, who used to tell a long story about the nation that once inhabited the Chinese.—Having given up racing and hunting, I got rid of all my stud in London: saw, to-day to my great surprise, two horses of a very curious breed, of which I have sometimes heard very aged people speak, drawing a vehicle called in very ancient times a car, or cart. N. B. These animals have long tails, and very thick legs, and would make two of any horse I ever saw on the course or in the field.

Friday. Newspaper from London, published at twelve o'clock—(they come out every other hour through the day, thus preventing information of any description from being withheld from the public)—says a project is on foot for refilling the Thames, and that an act is passing to prevent the too great consumption of its waters: no other vehicles than such as cannot be moved by manual force, to use steam, for ten years to come.

Saturday. Looked over my farm. Hatching day:—1043 eggs produced by the steam. Skating, a pleasing exercise in July: our forefathers of the 18th and 19th centuries, and indeed of the five following, must have been nearly in a state of barbarism: they, poor creatures! were only able to pursue particular amusements at particular periods of the year: the skait could, in those days, only be used on ice, whereby the life was always in danger; whereas, now, whether in the depth of

winter, or in the heat of summer, an even road is sufficient for our purpose.

Sunday. Sent up three balloons early in the morning, with ten men, to absorb and disperse the clouds that threatened us with showers. One of the machines unfortunately upset, by coming in contact with a violent current of air, produced by the joint exertions of the parties in the other two who were enabled, by means of the new machines, to convert every square mile of clouds, in three minutes, to air. The men apparently lifeless on being picked up—but restored by Dr. Lunaphilos, who filled their lungs with air collected from a stone he picked up during his stay in the moon. The other parties, seeing their companions fall to the earth, descended also, and, in consequence, it began soon to rain. What inconvenience must our ancestors have endured by having their places of worship fixed to one spot. The church was worked round by steam, in fine style, to all the villagers, and finally took up its station in one of my fields.

Monday. Having a headach, remained in doors all day. My daughter, Cassandra, plays the Trombolle delightfully. How much less trouble and labour have we to undergo than our forefathers! The females of old used to beat with their hands upon a square box, sometimes shaped like a cupboard, which they called the forti-peano, probably because it had forty peans or songs of triumph to execute, though Mr. Tickle-moth, the antiquary, seems to think the word should be 'penefort,' almost strong, alluding to the power required to produce the proper sounds. Now here, in the Trombolle, we have an union of all the inventions of early days, and nothing is wanting to increase its power and variety, or to make a more harmonious concert. Pollen, an old writer of the 23d century, says, that in order to produce any harmony of force, the ancients required from twelve to twenty persons to play their different instruments in concert; and moreover, that the action and general movement of the players, was ludicrous in the extreme. Some blew into pipes with swollen cheeks, others drew a stick, on which the hair of the horse was tightly stretched across the bowels of the cat, prepared for the purpose, and fixed on a board called a fidelle, from the fidelity with which it imitated the cries of different animals, especially the cat: those strings or bowels were denominated catesgut, catgut, or catgait, as some writers affirm, thus showing their origin. Others again used to beat a circular tub, over the end of which parchment was drawn with large sticks; while some dashed together large pieces of iron, holding them over their heads, and making many odd gestures.—About ten at night a sudden explosion in the air, and total darkness ensued. Found that our nocturnal gaseous sun had burst. Sent two men to a neighbouring town for a new globe which we filled, ignited, and sent up to the parochial balloon at anchor over the village, without loss of time. Here is a fresh instance of the superiority of this day over the middle ages, when science was in its cradle. Some seven centuries ago, it was customary in this isle to burn a taper or candle made of various filthy materials, on the setting of the sun. It was of a cylindrical form, and the bore was filled with a long thread called a week or wick, probably from its lasting a week; when ignited, it shed a miserable glimmer. Then, too, all houses were close shut up at sunset, instead of regulating that ceremony by the hour of retiring to rest, as we do. Now we know little difference between day and night, our gaseous sun being elevated before the setting of the natural.

Tuesday. John Hartnell, the great manufacturer of Glasgow, arrived in his balloon, having made the tour of London, and been out 24 hours, stopping at various 'castles in the air.' Got into con-

versation with John on my favourite topic, the superiority of the present day over the middle ages. In those dark times (will it be believed by those who have not given their attention to antiquities?) our manufactures were actually carried on by human beings; while the present little labourers were looked on as vile vermin, and driven from the face of the earth. Nay, the cat (now so useful in the post-offices, where it wholly manages the carrying part of the short, while the dog takes the longer or general delivery) was then kept on purpose to hunt them, as we still hunt the fox and hare with dogs bred for the game; thus not only rendering the rat and the mouse useless to society, but being a bar to one of the most important discoveries. What dark and dreary times were those!

EDITORIAL NOTICES.

No. 45 Vol. II. of the MINERVA will contain the following articles:

POPULAR TALES.—*St. Christopher's Cliff.—The Sham Ghost.*

THE TRAVELLER.—*The Norwegians and Laplanders. No. I.*

THE DRAMA.—*The Earl of Ross; a tragedy.*

BIOGRAPHY.—*Sketch of Laurence Earnshaw.*

ARTS AND SCIENCES.—*Wernerian Society of Edinburgh. Anatomy of the Earth. Instrument for Evacuating the Stomach. Signs of the Weather. Curiosities for the Ingenious. No. VI. Scientific Notices from Foreign Journals.*

LITERATURE.—*Balance of the Poets.*

CORRESPONDENCE.—*The Stricken Deer: by "Reginald Faulconbridge."*

POETRY.—*A Widower's Resolve; by "Marion." Lyric Monodies; and other pieces.*

GLEANER, RECORD, ENIGMAS, CHRONOLOGY.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—We shall be much pleased if "Marion" continues his communications. The production now before us bespeaks a talent for poetry, which, if properly cultivated, will entitle the writer to rank in the highest class of American bards.

THE RECORD.

—A thing of Shreds and Patches!

The number of deaths in this city during the last year was 3444; of whom 683 died of consumption. In this number there were 39 males more than females. In November and December last, 18 persons died of Small Pox, or a disease analogous to it, which still continues.

The route of the Delaware and Chesapeake canal has at length been fixed, by the unanimous decision of the President and Directors of the Company, and Mr. Benjamin Wright, of New-York, elected Chief Engineer.

The Legislature of Upper Canada, has incorporated a company to unite the waters of lakes Erie and Ontario, by a canal from the Chippewa river, about three miles above the Falls of Niagara.

The Theatre at New-Orleans was opened on the 1st of January last. It is said to be the most elegant structure of the kind in the U. States both in its interior and exterior, and will contain 1500 spectators.

At a late meeting to establish a new Gas Company at Edinburgh, Sir Walter Scott stated he had had three months experience of oil gas in his house at Abbotsford, and he could assure the meeting nothing could be more pleasant, more useful, safe and convenient.

Belzoni, the celebrated traveller, has set out on his journey to Timbuctoo.

MARRIED.

Mr. Ezekiel Green to Miss Martha Birdall.
Mr. John Loder to Miss Mary Secor.
Mr. Henry Mable to Miss Eliza Banta.
Mr. John Parliament to Miss Mary Sandford.
Mr. Stephan Romer to Miss Nancy Nelson.
Mr. Elston Tucker to Miss Harriet Myers.

DIED.

Mr. James Crandel, aged 27 years.
Mrs. Catherine Walker, aged 94 years.
Mr. Barnard Savage, aged 76 years.
Mr. Alexander Wilson, aged 49 years.
Mr. George Carse, aged 66 years.
Mr. David Ross, aged 43 years.

* This article was penned some time ago.—The Pilgrim.

POETRY.

"It is the gift of POETRY to hallow every place in which it moves; to breathe round nature an odor more exquisite than the perfume of the rose, and to shed over it a tint more magical than the blush of morning."

For the Minerva.

TO GENIUS. BY FRANCES WRIGHT.
From the Original MS.

Yes! it is quench'd—the spark of heavenly fire,
That Genius kindled in my infant mind;
Fled in my fancy; damp'd the fond desire
Of fame immortal;—all my dreams resign'd.
All, all are gone: yet turn I ne'er behind
Like pilgrim wending from his native land?
Shall I in other path such beauties find,
As spring beneath imagination's hand,
As bloom on wild enthusiasm's visionary strand?

Celestial Genius! dangerous gift of Heaven!
How many a heart and mind hast thou o'erthrown!
Broken the first, the last to frenzy driven,
Or jar'd of both for aye the even tone!
Once, once I thought such fate would be my own,
And only look'd to find an early grave;
To die, as I had lived—my powers unknown;
Content, so reason might her empire save,
Unseen to sink beneath oblivion's rayless wave.

But oh! with all thy pains, thou hast a charm
That nought may match within this vale below;
E'en for the pang thou giv'st, thou hast a balm,
And readest sweet the bitterness of woe.
Thy breath ethereal—thy kindling glow—
Thy visions bright—thy raptures, wild and high;
He that hath felt—Oh! would he e'er forego?
No!—in thy glistening tear thy bursting sigh,
Though fraught with woe, there is a thrill of ecstasy!
And art thou flown, thou high celestial power!
For ever flown!—Ah! turn thee yet again!
Ah! yet be with me in the lonely hour,
Yet stoop to guide my wilder'd fancy's rein!
Turn thee once more, and wake thy ancient strain;
No joys that earth can yield I love like thine:
Nay, more than earth's best joys I love thy pain.
And could I say, I would thy smile resign?
No, while this bosom beats, oh still great gift be mine!

Song of an American Sailor in Europe. By
the same.

FROM ORIGINAL MS.

Where through the blue sky the sun holds his career,
And seeks a new world far beyond the blue sea,
To shine with fresh vigor and glory—oh! there,
Is my own lov'd country, the land of the free.
My soul travels with him, and hails the blest shore
Where all to the birth-right of freedom are born,
Where the groans of the wretched assail me no more,
Where peace holds her olive, and plenty her horn.
Oh! blessings upon thee! The years as they roll,
May they add to the pride of thy strength and thy fame!
Oh! to speak or to think of thee freshens my soul,
And my pulse it beats high at the sound of thy name.
All hail to Columbia! wherever I roam;
To all the vast regions which border the sea,
My wishes, my prayers, my heart are at home,
In my own lov'd country, the land of the free.

CHERRIES.

A LOVER'S NARRATIVE.

Fled had lazy, languid noon,
When forth we stole, from forest bowers,
My maid and I—
Where, with shade, and soft, and tune,
The sullen, breathless, heated hours,
Pass'd sweetly by.

On our way, I softly said,
"Let us to mine orchard go—
'Tis standing nigh;
There every summer fruit, sweet maid,
Like fruits of knowledge, tempting grow,
To mouth and eye."

"Dost think me, then, another Eve?"
In undecided mood, she said,
'Twixt smile and sigh;
"Wouldst thou, like him of old, deceive
To eat the fruit forbid to maid?"
Deep pos'd was I.

At length, with many a true love vow,
The which she chid, but joy'd to hear,
Did I reply;
And to mine orchard haste we now,
With steps, that shake with hope and fear,
Delightfully.

There up a cherry-tree I spring:
With heart as light as heart can be
The maid stands by;
move as if each limb were wing,
And, oh! entranced creature, she,
How great her joy!

Then to come underneath, I ask
The maid and spread her lap of snow;
While I would try,
Oh, sweet employ! delightful task!
Into that snowy lap to throw
The clusters high.

She answers with the wish'd for deed:
I cherries pluck, one, two, and three;
Adown they fly;
"See how like love-lorn hearts they bleed,"
She playfully cries out to me,
"And blushing lie!"

Her lap is white as new-fall'n snow,
Or lamb, yet seat of whiter state
Attracts mine eye;
Her bosom—there I dextrous throw
The cherries next, with courage great,
Oh, ecstasy!

She laugh'd,—"It caus'd me cry aloud,
Without (for hope had made me proud),
Or blush, or sigh;
"Oh that my lips but cherries were,
How gladly would I throw them there,
Entranc'd to lie!"

She did not frown:—that day is gone,
And I since then have met her scorn;
Lorn creature I!
Her heart in thought I have survey'd,
And this sad simile have made—
I know not why:
Like the red-hearted cherry, it
Can blush, and bleed, and guile the art
That seeks to sip;
Can tempt the taste to try and win,
While all, alas! is stone within,
And mocks the lip.

STANZAS.

Let fools with disappointment groan,
My bliss no mortal can defer,
For it springs from myself, alone;
Yes—yes, the very dream of her
Is far more rapturous to me,
Than any other's self can be.

Then hush thy cares for me to rest,
Still let me idly slumber on;
I would not, if I could, be blest,
My happy dreams might then be gone:
And, oh! I would not risk to lose 'em,
For e'en the heav'n's of her bosom.

For were she less than I have form'd,
Though still she might an angel be
To those, by love like mine unwarm'd,
She'd less than woman seem to me.
And after dreams of heav'n, to wake
To mortal charms, my heart would break!

STANZAS.

'Tis now the dead of night, my love;
From thy chamber-bower alight, my love;
I've a ladder of ropes,
And a world of hopes—
Then quickly let's take flight, my love.

Here we in danger are, my dear,
But we'll fly from it far, my dear;
Then into my arms,
With thy thousand charms,
Descend, like a falling star, my dear.

Oh! what is wealth and birth, my love,
To honesty and worth, my love?
To thy true-love's bower,
From thy father's tower,
Is stepping to heaven from earth, my love.

The moon is shining bright, my dear;
Our flying steps to light, my dear;
Beaming a smile
Of consent the while
On this our true-love flight, my dear.

THE FAIR THIEF.

Before the urchin well could go,
She stole the whiteness of the snow;
And more,—that whiteness to adorn,
She stole the blushes of the morn;
Stole all the sweets that ether sheds
On primrose buds or violet beds.

Still, to reveal her artful wiles,
She stole the Graces' alken smiles:
She stole Aurora's balmy breath,
And pilfer'd orient pearl for teeth:
The cherry, dipt in morning dew,
Gave moisture to her lips and hue.

These were her infant spoils, a store
To which, in time, she added more:
At twelve she stole from Cyprus' queen
Her air and love-commanding mien;
Stole Juno's dignity, and stole
From Pallas sense to charm the soul.

Apollo's wit was next her prey,
Her next the beam that lights the day.
She sung; amaz'd the syrens heard,
And to assert their voice appear'd:
She play'd; the Muses from the hill
Wonder'd who thus had stol'n their skill.

Great Jove approv'd her crimes and art;
And 't'other day she stole my heart.
If lovers, Cupid, are thy care,
Exert thy vengeance on this fair;
To trial bring her stolen charms,
And let her prison be my arms.

SPIRITS OF HEAVEN.

Spirit of Joy! I will call upon thee!
With thy bounding step and thy radiant smile
Thou shalt teach me thy mirth and revelry;
For thou canst the care of life beguile.
Yet leave me, ah, leave me! all gay as thou art,
I love not thy vain and idle folly:
Thy laughter oppresses the weary heart,
And leaves it to languor and melancholy.

Spirit of Peace! descend from the sky,
With thy calm pure look and thy promise of rest;
And let the beam of thy dove-like eye
Still the throbs of this troubled breast:
Yet, Daughter of Heav'n! thy plian fold,
My restless soul will not bend to thy sway:
For thy smile, though sweet, is strangely cold,
And it chills my spirit—Away! away!

Spirit of Love! obey my voice!
And lead my steps to thy fairy bowers,
And let my heart in thy smile rejoice,
And crown my brow with thy brightest flowers;
Ah, traitor! thy roses too swiftly fade,
Too soon the captive shall feel thy chain;
And many a heart by thy smile betrayed,
Shall sigh for its freedom—but sigh in vain.

Spirit of Hope! from thy bright cloud bend,
No power can thy endless charm destroy;
If thou wilt ever my steps attend,
My life shall be one bright round of joy.
Angel of Beauty! thy guardian wing
Shall shield me from every earth-born sorrow!
I feel not the anguish to-day may bring,
If still thou wilt promise a blissful morrow!

ENIGMAS.

"And justly the wise man thus preach'd to us all,
Despite not the value of things that are small."

Answers to Puzzles &c. in our last.

PUZZLE I.—Because he is always for getting.
PUZZLE II.—Because it is pay meant.
Dean Swift's Love Song is not very intelligible
to some persons, though it might be so by reading
it in the same manner as *D r l n u r a b u t, i. e.*
Dear Ellen you are a beauty. It would then be
as follows:—

*A pudding is all my desire,
My mistress I never require;
A lover, I find it a jest is,
His misery never at rest is.*

NEW PUZZLE.

Who I am! or what I am! is what you want to know,
and that I must not tell. But, to evade this truth, my dress,
my shape, and use, are ever at your service. You'll know
me by my livery, and that I'll tell you. Tell!—nonsense!
I cannot talk. I am lifeless, and yet sometimes contain
much life—much wisdom, but more ignorance; and of fol-
ly, vanity, and corruption a *quantum sufficit*. Of beauty
and deformity I also have my share: nay, the loveliest
creatures in the world daily come to me. I defy Vaux-
hall itself to exceed me in attraction. In calming the ruf-
fled mind, no sweet toned orator—no assuming quack—
could ever vie with me. Ten times more flock to my
standard than to the finest General that ever gained in ac-
tion. Surely, such a group of oddities seek my friendship,
as nothing else can boast of: all sorts and sizes kindly come
to see your very humble servant. Don't you know who?
All know me, from the beggar to the king: the first loves
me, the last requires my aid. When others dress, I am
undressed; but my attendant soon puts on my garments.
The thief and honest man equally reap my favours: and,
like a worthy wife or a snail, I stay within the house. I
generally wear a flannel waistcoat and a linen shirt. My
coat is of a knotty white, sometimes dark green, and fre-
quently a motley mixture. My stomach is crammed with
what would choke a savage; yet I eat nothing but living
creatures by wholesale. I have a head, and that is move-
able. I am blessed with four legs; but, Scotchman-like,
they are naked and bare. I sometimes wear a hat ten times
larger than a Dutchman's; and sometimes—let me see—
I know not what! On my ornament, you may see por-
trayed Apollo, a landscape, a farm yard,—say, probably,
the whole world itself! While such noble scenes are
grandly thus exhibited, are you perplexed with cares? I'll
strive to put you right. But stop—the candle's out:—
well, then—Good night.

A COMPLETE AMERICAN
CHRONOLOGICAL TABLE.

- After Christ
- 1760 Great fire in Boston, March 20.
— Vermont, then part of New-York, began to be settled by emigrants from New England.
- 1763 Treaty of Paris, by which peace was concluded, and Canada, the Floridas, part of Louisiana, were ceded to the British, February 10.
- 1765 Stamp act passed, which occasioned great tumults in America, Jan. 10.
- 1766 Stamp act repealed, March 18.
- 1767 Tax on tea, paper, painted glass, and colours, June 29.
- 1769 First non-importation resolutions.
— The American philosophical society established at Philadelphia.
- 1770 The British troops fire on the inhabitants of Boston, March 8.
- 1771 Insurrection in North Carolina.
- 1773 Tea destroyed in Boston, November.
- 1774 Boston port bill passed, March 25.
— The first continental congress met in Philadelphia, September 6.
— The inhabitants of New Hampshire seize for William and Mary, December 14.
- 1775 Battle of Lexington, April 19.
— Ticonderoga taken by the Americans under colonel Ethan Allen, May 10.
— Articles of confederation, agreed on by the American colonies, May 20.
— Congress commenced the emission of paper money.
— George Washington, by a unanimous vote of congress, appointed commander in chief of the army, June 16.
— Battle of Bunker Hill, June 16.
— Congress publish a declaration setting forth the cause and necessity of taking up arms, July 6.
— Post office established by congress, July 26.
— Falmouth (now Portland,) burnt by the British, October 18.
— Lord Dunmore, governor of Virginia, proclaims martial law, and promises freedom to the slaves on their joining the British standard, November 7.
— Montreal taken by the Americans under General Montgomery, November 12.
— The British defeated at Great Ridge, Virginia, December 8.
— Bill passed the British parliament prohibiting intercourse with the American colonies, December 11.
— Unsuccessful attack on Quebec, in which general Montgomery was slain, Dec. 31.
- 1776 Norfolk burnt by order of Lord Dunmore, January 1.
— Boston evacuated by the British, March 17.
— The British repulsed in their attack upon Charleston, (S. C.) June 25.
— American Independence declared, July 4.
— Battle of Flatbush (Long Island), in which the Americans were defeated with a loss of 2000 killed and 1000 wounded, August 27.
— Conference at Staten Island, between lord Howe and the American commissioners, September 14.
— Fort Washington (N. Y.) and 2000 prisoners taken by the British, November 16.
— Fort Lee (N. Y.) taken by the British, November 18.
— Great fire in New-York, in which Trinity Church with one third of the city was burnt, November 20.
— Battle at White Plains, (N. Y.) Nov. 30.
— Rhode Island taken by the British, Dec. 6.
— Battle at Trenton, in which the Americans under general Washington, defeated the enemy, and took 900 Hessians prisoners, Dec. 26.
- 1777 Battle of Princeton, in which the British were defeated by general Washington, with a loss of 300 men, and the American general Mercer was slain, Jan. 2.
— Danbury, (Conn.) burnt by the British, April 26.
— Ticonderoga evacuated by the Americans, July 6.
— Battle at Skenesborough, July 7.
— Battle at Bennington, August 16.
— Battle of Brandywine, when the Americans under Washington, were defeated with a loss of 1200 men killed, wounded, and prisoners, Sept. 11.
— Philadelphia possessed by the British, September 26.
— Battle of Germantown, in which the Americans are repulsed with a loss of 600 killed and wounded, and 400 prisoners, Oct. 4.
— Kingston (Esopus) burnt by the British, Oct. 15.
— The British army under general Burgoyne, consisting of 5790 men, surrendered to the Americans under general Gates, at Saratoga, Oct. 17.
— Battle at Red Bank, October 22.
— Fort Mifflin evacuated, Nov. 15.

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